

GO PT. BOB-TAIL.

A further claim of the genuine character of Perry, by Captain Dan, of the second day, is the strange truth of his story, who, lying at Louisville one fine night in June, The captain inquired what he was doing there.

"Have you seen Captain Perry?" said the interrogative respondent.

"Don't know him, and can't tell you, but has been with your boys in the same room," replied the respondent.

"Hold on, that man was a scoundrel!" You see exactly Perry, and he is to take a drink and go—don't you?"

"Let me try to drink, or I should be sorry to try." So Captain Dan, who was a little bit of a drinker, says he.

"Perry, if you don't mind, I should like to have a cup up to me," says he. See how, stranger, you must leave." Says I, "What must I leave for?" Says he, "You're making too much noise." Says I, "I've been in bigger rooms than this, and I do more noise, and don't leave nothing." With this he took me by the nap of the neck and the seat of his breeches—and I left.

"As I was shoveln down the street, I met a lady—I know she was a lady by a remark she made." Says she, "You're man, I reckon you'll go home with me." Politeness wouldn't let me refuse, and so I went. I'd been in the house but a minute, when I heard considerable of a knocking at the door. I knowed the chap wanted to get in, who 't he was, or I 'd have let him say a voice, a tremendous ruck." By and by says a voice, "Ef you don't p.n. I'll bust in the door."— And so he did; I put on a bold face, and says I, "Stranger, does this woman belong to you?" Says he, "She does." Then, says I, "What a lady, I think from all I have seen of 'em."

"With that he came up to me with a fit-

on the hand and a silver knife in the other, and being prepared for ruin, I jumped through the mud-wall, leaving the bigger portion of my coat stuck in. I was sinking to down town with the fragments fluttering in the breeze. I met a friend, I knew it was a friend, by a remark he made. Says he: "It is, but hell, he's gaining on you." And that's the way I happened in your engine room. I'm a good swimmer, captain, but do excuse me, if you please, from taking the water.—*Louisville Journal.*

SCORN IN NURO'S OBSERVATORY.—*Junior class.*—Isaac, have you engraven upon your memory your historical lesson?

Yes, sir.

Well, disgorge the contents of mollioth's cranium—who's King of America?

"No sir.  
 That's wrong—next.  
*Paul More.*  
 Next.  
 Why—why—  
 Well, who?  
 Why, *Sma King*.  
 You can locomote to the upper extremity  
 of the class, *Nauman*. What ticks are ca-  
 pable of drawing the most blood?  
 Sheep ticks.  
 Next.  
*Tac ties.*  
 That will do—school's dismissed.

"I say Mr. Postmaster, is there a lither  
 for me? Who are you, my good sir I!—  
 "In myself, that's who I am." "Well, what  
 is your name?" "An what do ye want wid  
 the name? isn't it on the lither?" "So that  
 I can find the lither; 'there is one," "Well,  
 Mary Burns, thin, if ye must have it." "No  
 sir, there is none for Mary Burns." "Is there  
 any to get in there but through this  
 square of glass?" "No, sir." "It's well for  
 ye, then isn't." "I'd rather ye bither manner  
 ye."

The Belfast Journal tells of a chap who stepped into a store where liquor was kept for "medicinal and mechanical" purposes and produced a large bottle, which he desired to have filled. Upon being asked for what purpose he wanted it, he said, "mechanical"—he was going to make an ox-yoke in the afternoon!"

A man in New York has got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A man in Massachusetts did a similar thing once by marrying one.

To pronounce a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to call a man healthy because he has enough to eat.

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

It was said of a certain musical dancing-master, that the whole *tenor* of his life had been *base*.

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady.

He has made a fiddle all of his own head, and he has wood enough for another."

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

☞ An Irish musician, who now and then indulged in a glass too much; was accosted by a gentleman with—

"Pat what makes your face so red?"

"Please yer honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I spake to a gentlemen."

Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse. Because he's going to alight.

Q—A tall Hibernian entered the office of a music teacher and inquired:—

'What is the price of a season of music?'

'I charge \$25 for the first quarter, \$20 for the second, and \$15 for the third,' was the reply.

'Then, sir,' replied Pat, 'I'll learn; please put me down for the third quarter as a commencement.'